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No. 287.

An Unconscious Burglary

BEING A RELATION OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JOHN FLYNN, A LAWYER

A Comedy in Three Acts

BY

JOHN N. FRANCIS

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AN UNCONSCIOUS BURGLARY

THE CAST.

(Given in order of first appearance.)

BILL, *the* BULL.....*A second story man*
HOWARD LEWIS.....*A young lawyer*
JOSIAH DREW....*John Flynn's uncle from the west*
JOHN FLYNN.....*A young attorney*
HELEN BROWN.....*Engaged to John Flynn*
DR. BROWN..*Helen's father, a specialist in mental diseases*
JOHN FLYNN..*The janitor of the Tower Building, an Irish shamrock*
SATIE MULQUEEN.....*Beautiful and slangy*
DENNIS J. MCKENNA.....*A detective*
A POSTMAN
ROSEY.....*Whose disposition is romantic*
JOSEPHINE.....*A maid at Dr. Brown's*
WILLIAM.....*A butler at Dr. Brown's*

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An Unconscious Burglary

This act is laid in the parlor of JOHN FLYNN'S apartments. Centre stage and front is a large davenport. Behind it is a round table; on this table is an electric lamp. In the rear and placed cornerwise across the left corner is another davenport. Behind this is a bridge lamp. Centre is a window, shaded by heavy curtains. Up stage, right, is a desk, on which is a telephone. The only entrance to the room is to the right. Like the window, it is hung with heavy curtains. On the rise of the curtain the stage is in darkness, except for a light which comes through the entrance. Apparently there is a light in the hall. The room is in great disorder. A high hat has been placed on the centre davenport. A suit-case is balanced on the arm of the davenport. It has evidently just been unpacked and socks, neckties, shirts, etc., are laying about. A pair of trousers is thrown over the back of the desk chair. Other articles of clothing are strewn about. The floor of the apartment is handsomely carpeted and rugged.

On the rise of the curtain BILL, the BULL, is seen working at the window lock from the outside. He is using a kitchen knife. He uses occasionally an electric flashlight to see the progress of his work and also to discover whether or not he is being observed. Finally the lock is thrown back and BILL stealthily raises the window. As he does so, street noises are heard.

NEWSBOYS. (*off centre. Shouting*) "Extry. Extry. All 'bout th' great jewel theft. Society Raffles at work. Police baffled by theft of necklace."

(*The wind, which is blowing hard, (I. E., may be furnished by the use of bellows) blows the suit-case off the centre davenport and it falls to the floor, making a noise.* BILL *jumps outside of the window, vainly endeavoring to pull the window down.*)

BILL. Winder's stuck. (*a momentary pause,* BILL *hiding.* BILL *looks carefully in the room again*) Guess 'e's went out. (*climbs stealthily in and struggles to close the window. Business of grunting to get it closed. Finally the window does shut, goes down with a bang. Business of fright by* BILL. *The street noises, newsboys' cries, etc., of course cease as soon as the window is closed. After* BILL's *fright is over,* BILL *carefully flashes lamp about room to see his surroundings and then goes to the door and looks into the hallway.* BILL *locates telephone with flash lamp and goes to it. At 'phone*) Gimme Beverly 4425 Party J. (*a pause*) It is a clear day? (*signals with pencil code on mouthpiece of 'phone; receiver to ear*) Hank's on watch all right. (*doorbell heard off right*) Somebody's comin'.

(BILL *rushes to davenport, left and hides behind it. Doorbell keeps on ringing. Finally the door is heard to open.*)

LEWIS. (*calling off right*) John, oh, John. (*heard whistling as if coming down hallway to parlor.* LEWIS *looks in door*) Where the deuce are you—asleep in here? (*goes back into the hallway as if looking in other rooms*) John. John Flynn. (*back at entrance again*) No servants. No anything. And, (*feeling at side of door*) Where is that switch?

(*entering and feeling his way towards the centre davenport*) I'll turn on the light at the table. I know where that switch is. (*falls over suit-case*) Oh, my knee. (*rubs knee*) What's that? (*turns on light at centre table, then rubbing his knee, sits down on centre davenport on hat which is crushed.* LEWIS *jumps up*) What's that? (*picks up crushed hat*) Gad. If that isn't his new chapeau. (*throws it into the suit-case and pushes the suit-case under the davenport*) What did he put it there for anyway? (*looks around room*) What a mess? (*picks up a sock on the davenport and holds it out arm's length*) What a pig pen! (*throws sock on davenport*) Was ever a fellow so changed. Neat, immaculate John Flynn's room like this. (*sighs and shakes head*) I wonder where he is. He promised he'd be ready when I called, and he's not even here. And an engagement used to be a solemn obligation with him. I wonder if that accident had anything to do with the change. Certainly he has not been the same since he was hit in the head in that baseball game last June in New Haven. (*looks at watch*) Well, I'll wait a little longer. (*sits down on davenport, first, however, ascertaining that he is not going to sit down on another hat. He pulls extra edition of the newspaper out of his pocket*) What's this great society jewel robbery? (*reads and suddenly becomes interested*) Helen's necklace stolen? Impossible? (*resumes reading paper*) Dr. Henry Brown, the noted specialist on mental diseases and author on several standard works on Aphasia, reported to the police to-day the theft of a valuable pearl necklace from his residence, 13 Barringer Road. Great mystery surrounds the theft. Dr. Brown put the necklace in his safe at 10:05 P. M. He closed and locked the safe. He discovered that the necklace was missing this morning. No one but Dr. Brown knew the combination of the safe and the safe had not been tampered with. The necklace is an heirloom of the Brown family and is priceless.

Dr. Brown offered a reward of $1,000 for the return of the necklace and $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the thief. This offer is to remain good for one month. The theft of the necklace recalls other robberies from the Brown household and from other society persons. These robberies, which began last July, have continued until the present time. No clew has been left. The police believe they have a real society Raffles case on hand. (*the doorbell has begun to ring.* LEWIS *endures it as long as he can*) Why did he dismiss those servants? You have to wait on yourself here these days. I wonder who's at the door? (*exits*)

BILL. (*looking up from behind the davenport*) 'Ere's a mess. (*crawls out from behind davenport and sneaks rapidly to the telephone*) Th' best second story artist in th' city caught like a rat in a trap while they're holdin' a pink tea. (*at 'phone*) I've got ter tip Hank off. (*to 'phone*) Gimme Beverly 4425 Party J.

LEWIS. (*heard off right*) No, sir. I'm not Mr. Flynn. Yes. He lives here.

JOSIAH. (*heard off right*) Who be you?

LEWIS. (*off right*) I'm Mr. Lewis. Mr. Flynn is out.

JOSIAH. Wall. I'm in, an' I guess I'll set a spell. Purty hard goin' up them stairs.. (LEWIS *and* JOSIAH *heard coming down hall*) I'm stayin' at th' Stanwix.

LEWIS. (*off right*) The Stanwix?

BILL. (*who has been nervously eyeing the door while he has been endeavoring to get his number*) Is this—(*hurriedly hangs up receiver and sneaks back of davenport*)

JOSIAH. (*heard off*) Right smart lookin' (*enter* JOSIAH *and* LEWIS) diggin's.

LEWIS. Fair. (*telephone rings.* LEWIS *goes to it. At 'phone*) No. I didn't call Party J. I did not. (*angrily*) Don't I know. (*angrily hangs up re-*

ceiver) Central wanted to tell me I called some party J.

JOSIAH. Maybe she thinks you wuz callin' me names. Joke books sez folks like me is party Jays. Jay parties.

(*Laughs, immensely pleased at his alleged joke.* LEWIS *looks at him in his disgust.*)

LEWIS. Yes. You're a joke. (*suddenly thinks* JOSIAH *might be offended*) I mean a joker. You're funny all right.

JOSIAH. I didn't read that joke book I bought on the train for ten cents for nothin'.

LEWIS. Say, Mister, Mister—Ah——

JOSIAH. I ain't Mister. Folks allus calls me Josiah, Josiah Drew.

LEWIS. Glad to meet you, Mr. Josiah Drew. Sit down.

JOSIAH. (*he has done so before*) I hev. I'm John Flynn's uncle.

LEWIS. That so? Well, I don't know when your nephew'll be in, he was to have met me here ten minutes ago; I had an engagement with him.

JOSIAH. Maybe he'll be 'long. I come quite a distance—from the west. Ain't never seed my nephew.

LEWIS. You'll find him peculiar.

JOSIAH. Umph. Thought as much. Queerness sort o' runs in our family, all of 'em queer 'cept me.

LEWIS. John wasn't very queer until last June when he had an accident.

JOSIAH. Accident?

LEWIS. He was playing in the alumni baseball game at New Haven last June. Knocked in the head by a pitched ball when he was at bat.

JOSIAH. I told his Maw, she was my sister, he'd git hurted if he played them college athletics.

LEWIS. And he's been peculiar ever since. The

blow from the baseball seems to have caused his whole nature to change.

JOSIAH. An' that's th' only change he got out of them college athletics, wa'n't it? Purty poor pay seems ter me.

LEWIS. Here's the paper. You'll be interested in the robbery.

JOSIAH. Heerd th' boys hollerin' 'bout it. Sumbody's necklace is hooked, ain't it?

LEWIS. Of course you know who the Dr. Brown is in that article?

JOSIAH. Can't say thet I do. Ain't much on doctorin'. I come from a town in th' west which may be short on money an' other modern improvements, but it's turrible long on health. Why, young feller, th' last doctor moved inter th' town starved to death fur lack of practice, an' we didn't hev no place ter bury him 'cause cemeteries ain't in fashion out our way. People's too busy ter die.

LEWIS. John's going to marry Dr. Brown's daughter.

JOSIAH. (*very much interested*) Hey? Wot's that? My nephew goin' ter git married? Wall, he never tole me.

LEWIS. Probably didn't think it was necessary.

JOSIAH. Oh, didn't he?

LEWIS. Why should he? You never saw him.

JOSIAH. (*laughing*) Ain't he never tole you 'bout Aunty Mirandy's will?

LEWIS. (*curiously*) No. He never has.

JOSIAH. Wall, Mirandy. She wuz my sister, John's aunt—made a big bunch of real money out ter home in minin' stocks; Mirandy wuz peculiar. All our family's queer, as I tole you, 'cept me. An' she wuzn't much better lookin' than I be, so naturally wa'n't very knowin' 'bout love affairs for the lack of suitors, but she fell fur a shyster thet was tryin' ter git even with her money. Fortunately she found him out 'fore it 'twas too late an' she soured on lovin'

altogether, so when she died, she left her money to the rest of the family, share and share alike, on th' condition that none should marry 'ithout th' written consent of th' other members of th' family, so you see I wuz kinder surprised thet John wuz keepin' company 'ithout my knowin' somethin' 'bout it.

LEWIS. (*very coldly*) So I gave you some news? I suppose if John can't get the written consent of you and the rest of the family——

JOSIAH. They ain't no rest. They're all dead 'cept him an' me.

LEWIS. Oh. (*suddenly*) Read the paper about the robbery. You'll be interested.

JOSIAH. You bet. (*reads paper*)

LEWIS. (*at desk*) I've put my nose into it beautifully, got John in trouble. I must help, for if I don't this old grafter here will withhold his consent to the marriage of John and Helen. I've got to prepare John for his coming so that we can frame up some kind of a game on that old shyster. I hate to see an old leech like him bleeding John. What will I do? Lord knows when John will show up. I'll leave John a note of what's happened. (*writes*) Your uncle Josiah is calling. I have told him about your marriage by accident. He will try to hold up his consent unless you pay him something. I will send him off for a week to give you an opportunity to think up something to work off on him, and if you want him before, you'll find him at the Stanwix. I'll explain about it at dinner to-night. Hurry up, old chap. I've a big surprise for you. Howard. (*folding letter and placing it in envelope*) Now to get rid of the nuisance. (*looks around at him in disgust*) The old grafter. (*back at desk*) What will I—Ah. I have it. (*writes another letter*) Dear Howard: (*laughs*) I won't be back in a week. Yours hurriedly. John. (*turns to* JOSIAH. *Careless sort of voice*) Ah, Mr. Drew. This is why John won't be here. (*shows note to* JOSIAH) Won't be

back for a week, he writes. I don't suppose you'll wait—a week.

JOSIAH. Nope. Not here. But I'll see him at his office next Thursday. I've got ter see him 'bout some important business. 'Bout Mirandy's will.

(*They exeunt, talking. They are heard going down the hall and the door is heard to open.*)

LEWIS. There's the elevator. No. Don't wait. Good-bye.

BILL. (*pops head up from behind davenport as soon as they leave room*) Ain't they went? (*starts to climb from behind davenport.* LEWIS *is heard returning*) No. They ain't. (*hides again*)

LEWIS. (*back in room again*) I certainly put my foot in it. Given that old grafter an opportunity to hold John up. I thought he seemed unusually interested and pleased when I told him about John's marriage. With that Uncle and the stolen necklace, the course of true love of John and Helen has not been very smooth. (*looks at watch*) Why doesn't John return? I can't wait much longer. John used to be so punctual. To think that to-night, when my engagement is to be announced, one of the most important events in my life, John, my best friend, is late and balls things up.

(*Telephone rings.*)

LEWIS. (*at 'phone*) Hello. No, Helen. This is Howard. I don't know where John is. I'm waiting too. I've left a note for him and I'm going right on. I've a big surprise for you all. No. I won't tell you yet. Good-bye. (*hangs up receiver*) Gee. John's got little sense and lots of nerve to keep his girl waiting like this. I'd never dare treat Edith like that. (*returns to 'phone again*) Richmond 4455. Wendell Hotel? Connect me with William, the head

waiter. This you, William? This is Mr. Lewis. Lewis. No. Not Useless. Lewis. (*spells*) L. E. W.—Yes. Lewis. Hold that dinner up for about an hour, will you? Mr. Flynn will be late. Remember there'll be five— Miss Spencer, Miss Brown, Dr. Brown, Mr. Flynn and myself. I'm particular about this dinner to-night because I am to announce my engagement to Miss Spencer. What? Oh, thanks, thanks very much, William. Now everything will be all right? All right—in an (*looks at watch*) hour. Yes. Thanks. (*hangs up receiver*) I wonder how long before—(*looks at watch again*) But I simply can't wait any longer for John. I'll have to call for Edith. (*exits*)

BILL. (*looking over the back of the davenport*) Th' hardest second story job (*front door heard slamming off right*) I ever did. (*at 'phone*) Gimme Beverly 4425 Party J. (*front door heard opening again off right*) Whot? Agin? (*drops receiver and goes to door and looks out*) 'E's comin' back suren shootin'. (*hides behind davenport*)

LEWIS. (*heard coming down the hall whistling. He goes to the desk. Picks up the note he has written to* JOHN *that he left on the desk*) I'll see John to-night and explain so that this note will not be necessary. (*telephone rings*) This 'phone has a bad attack of ringitis. (*at 'phone*) What? No, see here, Central, this is the second time I've told you I don't want Party J. I don't want it now. I don't want it to-morrow. I never expect to want it. When I do, I'll let you know. Thank you. (*hangs up receiver*) She's the most persistent operator I ever saw. Bound and determined I'll get Party J. (*exits*)

BILL. (*sneaks to door and looks out*) Are you agoin' ter leave me be now? (*at 'phone*) Gimme Beverly 4425 Party J. Is this a nice day? (*pencil code.* BILL *laughs*) Hank's all balled up. He don't understand all the telephone calls. (*more pencil*

code) Now I got 'im all straight I guess. (*hangs up receiver*) If that feller'll only mind 'is own business fur about an hour an' a half an' leave me ter mind mine, I'll do a swell robbery. (*from this time on* BILL *begins a search for the necklace. While he is talking he goes through the desk. He lifts up rugs, looks under davenports and finally taps the walls for secret hiding places. He should talk all through the search. Put a lot of funny business in this scene*) We've planted this young Flynn fur the past two weeks when Bill, who butles down ter Doc Brown's tipped us off that Flynn was akleptoin'. Got a 'partment 'cross the street where we can see who goes in and who goes out of the place. Got a 'phone in there so as to git warned. Where is that necklace? He's got it hid 'round here somewheres. He ain't sold nothin' nor pawned nothin' so it mus' be 'ere. When the extry tipped us that the necklace was 'mong th' missin', I sez ter Hank—now, ain't that queer where he put that? It's gotter be somewheres—I sez to Hank: You git over to th' watch an' I'll git the swag. If I calls you or you calls me, say "It is a nice day?" an' then use the pencil code. I wonder where that stuff's hid. You gotter give it to him, he's clever in swiping that necklace right under Doc Brown's nose right outen the safe. (*telephone rings*) No. This is not John. Who? (*business of making an impression*) Yes, Marm. I'm 'Oward. 'O did you guess it? I'll tell John when 'e comes. (*hangs up receiver*) A dame (*laughing*) named Helen wants me ter take 'er ter dinner. Wouldn't me an' 'Elen look dead swell at dinner? (*telephone rings*) Yes. This is a nice day. (*pencil code. Excited voice*) Somebody's comin'. (*more pencil code. More excitement*) Flynn 'imself. (*more pencil code and hangs up receiver*) I'll bet 'e's got that necklace with 'im. I'm agoin' ter wait an' see.

(*Examines his revolver and slug shot that he has*

pulled from his back pocket. Then he turns out light in the room and finds his way back to the davenport by his electric flashlight. The front door is heard to open off right and FLYNN *is heard coming down the hall. Enter* JOHN FLYNN.)

FLYNN. (*snaps on light at the centre table. He is wearing business suit and overcoat. He is smoking a cigar. He looks about the room suspiciously and then goes to the window and carefully draws the curtain. He takes off overcoat, carelessly throws it over a chair, takes off hat and throws that on the floor, then he sits down on the centre davenport. He begins reading the newspaper that he has brought in with him. He is very excited and grows more so as he reads*) Society Raffles. Mysterious theft. Rot. How easy it was to fool 'em all. Ever since I first began this business when I took Helen's pin for a keepsake, it has been easy for me. Oh, the excitement of it all. See. Here it is in the papers. I wouldn't return to that humdrum, honest life again; it's tiresome prudery. But I must always be on watch. That's why I dismissed the servants last July. It's I against the world, my wits against those of everybody else. (*makes a rapid and suspicious survey about the room again. Then from his pocket, he carefully pulls out the jewel case that is supposed to contain the stolen necklace*)

BILL. (*looking up from behind davenport*) The necklace. (*drops down again*)

FLYNN. (*looking at necklace in admiration*) You were easy winning. While Dr. Brown was showing you to me, I directed his attention to a picture and worked the substitute box game on him. (*laughs and goes towards desk*) And so no one but Dr. Brown knew the combination of the safe, hey? The safe had not been touched, hey? Mysterious robbery. (*laughs*) Mysterious rot.

(FLYNN'S *hand is resting on desk chair.*)

BILL. (*sneezes*)

FLYNN. What's that? (*he has turned quickly. He goes toward centre table*)

BILL. (*rising and pointing gun.* BILL *wears a mask now*) Don't move, pard, or I'll shoot. (FLYNN *has made a dash for the centre table and has turned out light.* BILL *fires his revolver.* FLYNN *throws a paper weight at something just before* BILL *fires and before* FLYNN *turns out light. This destroys* BILL'S *aim. The men fight in the darkness. The fight ends with a groan.* BILL *turns on light at door.* FLYNN *is seen lying stretched out in front of the front davenport. The room is in a mess.* BILL'S *revolver is on the floor.* BILL *has a slug shot in his hand*) Wall. I got 'im all right. (*pats slug shot with his hand and then puts it back in his hip pocket*) Gosh. He give me a nasty blow on the wrist with that paper weight he threw at me. Knocked (*looks around for revolver*) my revolver clean out of my hand. There it is. (*picks up revolver and puts it in his pocket*) I had a dead bead on him when that paper weight destroyed my aim. Now to go through him. (*looks through his pocket*) Ah. A ticker. (*holds up watch that he has cut off chain with pinchers*) A purty good ticker. I ought ter git sumthing good fur hockin' this. Any money? (*finds pocket book*) Lots of it. (*dragging* FLYNN *to left davenport and rolling him under it*) I guess Bill, the Bull's made a darned good haul—money, gold watch, and that bracelet. (*replaces room in condition*) Room looks purty good now. (*telephone rings. At 'phone*) Is this a nice day? (*listens at 'phone and then uses pencil code*) Somebody's comin'. (*pause. More pencil code*) Man an' woman. (*hangs up receiver*) Now, ter make me getaway. (*rushes to window. It will not budge*) Winder's stuck. (*front door bell is ringing*) Fur

keeps this time. (BILL *is violently pulling at it.* HELEN *and* DR. BROWN *are heard to enter, to close the front door and are coming down the hall*) I got ter work the telephone repair bluff. (*rushes to 'phone, scatters tools about and begins working over it*)

(*Enter* HELEN *and* DR. BROWN. *Both are in evening dress.*)

HELEN. He must be out, Father.

BILL. (*at 'phone*) Ring, central. (*telephone rings*) 'Sall right. (*gathers up tools. To* DR. BROWN) Mr. Flynn?

DR. BROWN. I'm not Mr. Flynn.

BILL. Tell Mr. Flynn 'e's all fixed. (*exits*)

HELEN. These telephone men have to work late hours, don't they?

DR. BROWN. Rush job, I suppose.

HELEN. When I telephoned a few moments ago I thought that there was trouble. Howard answered the 'phone and I could scarcely recognize his voice.

DR. BROWN. The company is called upon at all hours to repair its 'phones.

HELEN. (*sitting down in centre davenport*) I wonder where John is. I expected to hear from him about the necklace, yet there has not been a word.

DR. BROWN. He ought to have a selfish personal interest in the necklace at least. He knows you are not willing to marry without it?

HELEN. I haven't told him our family superstition yet, but he should have shown some interest anyway under the circumstances. His whole nature seems to have changed since the accident. He doesn't keep his engagements; he is selfish, careless, cold and quick tempered.

DR. BROWN. That ball struck him a vicious blow.

HELEN. It's a wonder he was not killed. I saw him fall. He was out of his head for two days. He

hasn't acted the same towards me since. His whole nature seems to have changed.

DR. BROWN. You still feel satisfied to marry him?

HELEN. Father.

DR. BROWN. Marriage is a pretty serious step, daughter. I meant no offense and I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings.

HELEN. Father, I was thinking of—well—of—of breaking it off. There it's out now.

DR. BROWN. Not really.

HELEN. He hasn't been the man that I accepted as my affianced husband. It seemed as though that baseball killed the man I loved. (*crying*) I was thinking of talking with him this evening.

DR. BROWN. There. There, dear. I understand.

HELEN. I made up my mind that it was better to end it all before it was too late. But I hesitated at the thought of what people would say.

DR. BROWN. What people will say makes no difference. It's your heart alone you must consult. If you don't love John Flynn, it would be living a lie to continue your engagement for loveless marriages are criminal mockeries.

HELEN. (*with determination*) I will break my engagement this evening. (*the telephone rings*)

DR. BROWN. (*at 'phone*) No. This isn't Mr. Flynn. Yes. This is his residence. This is Dr. Brown speaking. Who? Ah. Yes. Howard. No. I don't know where he is. He hasn't come in yet. All right. We'll come right along without him. Good-by. (*hangs up receiver.* HELEN *has gone to the window and is looking out*) Come, Helen. We won't wait. We'll go right along without John. That was Howard Lewis.

HELEN. (*discovering* FLYNN) Oh.

DR. BROWN. What's the trouble?

HELEN. (*very much frightened and going towards* DR. BROWN) A man (*pointing*) under that davenport.

DR. BROWN. This is some joke.

(FLYNN *groans.*)

DR. BROWN. It's a man. (*pulls out* FLYNN *from under the davenport*) A murder. Helen. Don't look. It's John Flynn.

HELEN. (*helping*) John Flynn murdered.

DR. BROWN. Turn on the light. (HELEN *does so*) Get some water. (HELEN *rushes off to get some water and brings it back.* DR. BROWN *is working over* FLYNN)

HELEN. (*entering with the water*) Is he alive?

DR. BROWN. Yes. He's alive. Rub his head. Here. Take off his collar. There.

HELEN. John, dear. John, dear. Don't you know me?

DR. BROWN. Never mind the sentiment. Rub his head.

(FLYNN *shows signs of regaining consciousness.*)

DR. BROWN. Fine. Beautiful.

HELEN. He isn't going to die? He can't die.

FLYNN. Died at third.

HELEN. He's dead, he says. Hear him.

DR. BROWN. Baseball slang.

FLYNN. Where am I?

HELEN. In your room.

FLYNN. My room? But the game—New Haven? (*starts to rise*)

DR. BROWN. Just sit down, young man.

HELEN. You've been hit in the head.

FLYNN. What's all this foolishness? I'm not going to be fooled any longer. Where am I?

HELEN. This is your room.

DR. BROWN. Out of your head young man.

FLYNN. Out of my head— But since June?

DR. BROWN. You remember nothing since last June?

FLYNN. Absolutely nothing.

DR. BROWN. Fine. Beautiful.

HELEN *and* FLYNN. Remarkable?

DR. BROWN. You're a medical phenominum. You've been suffering from a rare form of Aphasia, Gracey's Aphasia. I'm writing a paper on the subject.

FLYNN. What do you mean?

DR. BROWN. You were knocked in the head. Apparently you recovered and went about as usual, yet you remember nothing until hit on the head again when you are brought to. You have had a mental suspension, Gracey's Aphasia.

HELEN. I thought he was different.

FLYNN. I guess I'm all right now.

DR. BROWN. Apparently you had fallen asleep on that davenport, rolled off, struck your head and (*the* DOCTOR *and* FLYNN *talk. The telephone rings*)

HELEN. (*at 'phone*) Hello. Howard. John has just come in. He's had an accident. (*to* JOHN) You don't feel well enough to go to Howard's dinner tonight, do you, John?

FLYNN. I've got to eat.

DR. BROWN. He seems well enough.

HELEN. (*at 'phone*) John says he's got to eat. We'll hurry right along.

DR. BROWN. Excuse me if I step outside for a few dressing. (*exits*)

JOHN. (*starts for door*) I'll be ready in (*misses watch*) My watch. It's gone.

HELEN. You must have dropped it somewhere.

FLYNN. (*feels chain has been cut*) I've been robbed. The chain, it has been cut.

HELEN. That telephone repair man. I thought he looked strange.

FLYNN. He must have hit me and rolled me under that davenport.

HELEN. It was lucky that he hit you. The blow brought back your senses.

FLYNN. I'm sorry about that watch. It was a

keepsake. At any rate it will be easy to identify it. It had a peculiar mark. I'll notify the police. (*kisses* HELEN *affectionately*) I'll be dressed in a few moments. (*at door he turns back and embraces* HELEN) I'm so happy to-night, Helen, dear. Aren't you?

HELEN. Very. Very happy. (FLYNN *kisses her and exits*) The old John Flynn, the John Flynn I loved. He has never kissed me like that since his injury. He said he was happy. I am, too.

DR. BROWN. (*heard off right*) John, here's your dressing.

FLYNN. (*off right*) Right in here. Aren't the servants in to-night?

HELEN. He doesn't remember that he dismissed the servants.

DR. BROWN. (*off right*) Sure you feel all right.

FLYNN. If I felt any better, I wouldn't be able—

(*Door heard to close.*)

HELEN. I won't break the engagement. John wasn't himself. (*laughing*) Isn't Father delighted with this apahasia? (*looks around room and notices the disorder. Shows it in her face. At length picks up sock on the davenport and holds it out arm's length*) John certainly needs a woman's care. (*drops sock back on davenport*) We'll be married—let's see— On Christmas Day. (*notices newspaper on the floor and picks it up*) I'd forgotten about that necklace. Bother that superstition. Yet I promised Mother on her death bed. No I will not be married without that neckace.

(*Enter* DR. BROWN *and* FLYNN. FLYNN *has changed into an evening suit. N. B. the dialogue above gives* FLYNN *plenty of opportunity to make the change. It has been actually done.*)

FLYNN. All ready? Where are we going?

DR. BROWN. To The Wendell. We must hurry.

FLYNN. (*helps* HELEN *on with evening coat*) And now, dearest, when are we going to be married?

DR. BROWN. Haven't you told him about——

FLYNN. What's the matter?

HELEN. (*showing newspaper*) Read that.

DR. BROWN. Family heirloom. None of our family have ever been married without it.

FLYNN. You can't be married—you aren't going to let this silly—(HELEN *looks at him*) this superstition prevent——

HELEN. I promised my mother on her death bed that I would not.

DR. BROWN. I've done all I can to recover it—offered a large reward.

FLYNN. I'll do more than that. I'll find the necklace.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*This scene is laid in the law office of* JOHN FLYNN, *Tower Building. The time is just one week after. There are two exits, the one on the right leading into the hallway and the one on the left leading into a room used by the stenographer. In the centre of the room is a large window.* FLYNN'S *office desk, a flat top affair, is centre. Back of it is his chair. To the left is a chair for clients. On the right is a stenographer's desk. On this are a telephone and a typewriter with a stenographer's note book rack. On the side of the desk hangs a telephone book. On the rise of the curtain* JOHN FLYNN, *the janitor, is discovered standing looking out of the window. He has a broom.*

JOHN FLYNN. This is high life fur ye. Nine stories when ye walk up, and one whin ye fall down. (*takes a proud survey of the room and walking front*) Ain't I th' dandy little janitor, and that after a week, too. When I heard that they wanted a janitor fur the Tower Building, I sez to mysilf. Wouldn't it be fine fur thim if they could git me? Th' boss agreed wit me. You're a foine healthy lad, he sez. That I am, sez I. There ain't no finer or healthier. Go to work, sez he. I will sez I; an' I did. (*telephone rings. At 'phone*) What chu want? (*he says this at the top of his voice and most of his talk is pitched in the same key*) Shure. This is Mr. Flynn. And who are ye? I don't know you, Mr. Lewis. Yis. I'm John Flynn. No. I ain't kiddin' ye. Me father before me was named Flynn, and his father before him was named Flynn and his father before him was named— Whot? No. I ain't lawyer Flynn. I'm janitor Flynn. Yes, sir. Mr. Flynn will call when he comes in; I'll make him. (*hangs up receiver*) Sure it's some individual I am. One or two of these days I'll be gettin' a mail that'll break the letter carrier's back fur I've written fur a whole bunch of catalogues to be sint to Mr. John Flynn, Tower Building. So much mail will lind an air of importance to mesilf, so it will. An' one of these days maybe I'll be hearin' from Rosey. Ah. I'm that soft on th' colleens that I milt like buttermilk every time a soft eye looks at me; so yisterday when I seen Rosey's ad (*business of looking for* ROSEY'S *ad in the paper he carries in his pocket*) Here it is. Wanted: A soulful husband. If interested and in earnest, write Rosey, Box 45, this paper. (*putting back paper*) I wrote Rosey. Me own Rosey, I wrote. I'm soulful. I'm interested and I'm in earnest. I want you. John Flynn. Tower Building. That had ought to fetch an answer.

(*Enter* SATIE, *the stenographer, right.*)

JOHN FLYNN. (*sweeping very industriously*) Th' top of th' mornin' to ye.

SATIE. (*looks in disgust at* FLYNN *sweeping as she crosses to the floor. Removes hat and furs at hat tree. Business before looking glass. She gets some dust in her nose and sneezes. Then she turns very angrily at* FLYNN) Whatchu doin'?

JOHN FLYNN. (*leaning on broom and looking at her in admiration*) Playin' lawn tennis wit th' President. Won't you jine us?

SATIE. Ain't you done dustin' yet? Ain't you got nawthin' better else to do?

JOHN FLYNN. Shure I have—whin there's a good lookin' gal like yoursilf standin' about.

SATIE. Fresh Ike. (*turns to looking glass in disgust.* FLYNN *continues staring at her. She cannot stand it any longer and so she turns angrily*) Ain't you 'fraid you'll strain your eyes?

JOHN FLYNN. It's not me eyes I am afraid of; it's me heart—when I look at you.

SATIE. (*going toward him*) Say, young feller, if you're slippin' me the marshmeller glare (*turns and returns towards desk*) furget it, fur I left me affections in cold storage this mornin'.

JOHN FLYNN. Don't say nothin' 'bout it. You look jes' as well as if you had 'em wit you. (*telephone rings*)

SATIE. Answer th' 'phone. I'm savin' me voice.

JOHN FLYNN. (*at 'phone*) Whatchu wan'? Are you the same party that called before? Hey? Well, I'm th' same party whot answered you and I'll give you the same answer. He ain't come in? (*hangs up receiver. To* SATIE) Mr. Lewis wants Lawyer Flynn.

SATIE. Ain't you done sweepin' yet?

JOHN FLYNN. Th' dirt wasn't detainin' me; it was you.

SATIE. Beat it while th' beatin's good. I've got work to do. (*reads novel*) Fade away.

JOHN FLYNN. It's yoursilf that'll be losing good company when I do. (*exits, right*)

SATIE. He's th' freshest janitor they've had yet. I wonder what his name is. Probably Patrick McGuirk or some other Italian name.

(*Enter* POSTMAN, *right. He is loaded down with big packages.*)

SATIE. Good mornin'.

POSTMAN. No, sirree. There ain't been no good mornin's or evenin's either since Uncle Sam's turned us into express wagons. (*sorts out mail*)

SATIE. Heavy mail, ain't it?

POSTMAN. Boss mus' be going to get married. (*shows catalogues and letters*) House furnishing houses. (*straps up letters and papers and takes up bundles*) Say, whot's th' name of the new janitor?

SATIE. He ain't signed my guest book yet. He looks French, and talks it, too.

POSTMAN. Mornin'.

SATIE. Mornin'.

(POSTMAN *exits.*)

SATIE. (*sorts out mail and places it on* FLYNN'S *desk. Business of trying to read what's in the letters. Then she goes to desk and resumes the reading of her novel. The telephone rings. She lets the 'phone ring for a little while, so interested is she in her book, finally she becomes nervous with so much ringing and impatiently answers*) I'll never finish this novel if they don't leave me be. (*at 'phone*) Mr. Flynn's law office. No. Mr. Flynn has not arrived yet. Who shall I say— Yes, Mr. Lewis. I have your call. (*hangs up receiver and resumes reading of novel, she is chewing gum and business here of pulling gum out of mouth and putting it back can be used effectively*)

(*Enter* JOHN FLYNN, *right.*)

FLYNN. Good morning, Satie.

SATIE. (*pushes book quickly into desk and writes furiously on the typewriter from the notes she has taken*) Good morning, sir.

FLYNN. Stop chewing that gum.

SATIE. (*choking over gum*) Yes, sir. Mr. Lewis wanted you to call at once. Beverly 1125.

FLYNN. (*at 'phone*) Thanks. Beverly 1125. (*whistling while waiting*) Hello. This you, Howard? Yes. This is John. Can't you tell me over the 'phone? Well, come on over— All morning (*hangs up the receiver and then removes coat and hat. Goes to desk and sits down. Pulls out top drawer and finds pipe. Fills pipe with tobacco, lights it and starts smoking, absentmindedly fingering mail*) Court calendar, ready, yet, Satie?

SATIE. (*handing him calendar*) Here it is. (*returns to desk and resumes writing*)

FLYNN. (*looking over calendar*) Rather heavy calendar to-day, Satie. Our case, No. 165, is——

SATIE. Third.

FLYNN. May not be called to-day, fifteen's apt to take up all of the session. They'll put eighty-nine over the term as usual, so that leaves us at bat. We'll be in the hole if they do. We haven't a chance on earth. Call up Milliman and Smith, Satie. I want Mr. Smith.

SATIE. (*finds number in the telephone book*) Berkley 1144. Mr. Smith? Just a moment, Mr. Smith. (*hands* FLYNN *the 'phone*) Mr. Smith.

FLYNN. Hello, Smith. This is Flynn Can't we get sixty-five over the term again? The costs? Oh, we'll pay them. Will you move it over this time? Oh, any old grounds will do—material witness missing, anything.— Yes. That's a new one. Good-bye. (*hangs up receiver and goes towards desk. Suddenly he has a thought*) He seemed pretty glad to put

that over. Guess it's a case of we're scared, you're afraid. (*begins looking over mail*) I'll bet we can settle.

(*Enter* LEWIS, *right.*)

FLYNN. Good morning, Howard.

LEWIS. (*very much excited. He points at* SATIE) Only a moment.

FLYNN. Satie. (*nods head towards left exit*) One moment, please.

SATIE. (*going towards left exit*) You'll ring when you want me?

(FLYNN *bows and she exits, left.*)

FLYNN. Now what's all the excitement?

LEWIS. Has he been here?

FLYNN. Who?

LEWIS. Then he hasn't. I'm not too late.

FLYNN. (*who seems rather amused*) Who is he?

LEWIS. Your uncle.

FLYNN. (*perplexed*) My uncle?

LEWIS. Josiah Drew from the West.

FLYNN. I don't recall——

LEWIS. Oh, I don't blame you. He's a breath of fresh country air. I don't blame you for not pleading guilty to him, either. And there's an Aunty Mirandy, too, or something like that.

FLYNN. Oh, yes. Mother's——

LEWIS. He told me all about it. But listen. Your aunt's dead.

FLYNN. Then why get so excited? She won't haunt you.

LEWIS. Well, your uncle Josiah is her brother.

FLYNN. A perfectly natural relationship.

LEWIS. Your uncle told me you had inherited a considerable sum of money from your Aunty Mirandy.

FLYNN. Money for me? Where? When?

LEWIS. You receive this legacy provided you do not marry, or if you do marry, you do so with the written consent of the other members of the family. Otherwise, you lose the legacy.

FLYNN. Aunty Mirandy left me money?

LEWIS. Well, I accidently mentioned that you were to be married to your uncle. He seemed interested.

FLYNN. He seemed? I should think he would have been.

LEWIS. I put him off for a week. He's due here to-day.

FLYNN. Why didn't you tell me this——

LEWIS. Forgot all about it until this morning. I telephoned here three times all ready. Gosh. I'm sorry.

FLYNN. Don't mention it. But what's uncle's game?

LEWIS. Just plain graft. He'll refuse consent to your marriage with Helen. Without his consent, the money goes to the rest of the family, himself included. He profits anyway, more if he can do business privately with you.

FLYNN. I've got to see him.

LEWIS. You've got to see him very strong, and big.

FLYNN. Well, I'll hear his offer.

LEWIS. I'm awfully sorry I've balled up this matter, honestly I am.

FLYNN. Forget it.

LEWIS. So long. (*exits, right*)

FLYNN. (*opening mail*) So Aunt Mirandy has left me money unless Uncle Josiah can take it from me. I'll talk with Helen about this. (*crosses to 'phone*) Beverly 1561 Party W. Line's busy? (*hangs up receiver and returns to desk*) Rather heavy lot of mail this morning. (*arranges mail in order and begins opening letters*) Seems as though I was pretty popular—(*has opened top one*) What's this? We send at your request our circular. We

assure you that we have the finest line of corsets any lady could desire and should your wife wish—(*laughs as he throws letter in the scrap basket*) This is one on me. A corset circular sent to an engaged man at his request. I'll bet Howard Lewis put up that job. (*reads next letter*) I have an important matter about the Leiter will litigation which I wish to consult you about. I will call at noon. I hope the hour will be convenient as the matter is urgent and admits of no delay. Yours sincerely, R. Wilkston Pulver. (*gets up excitedly and walks front*) This is luck. Pulver, one of the wealthiest men in the city, wishes to retain me in the Leiter will case. Why, it's good for $10,000 a year at the least. Will I be here at noon? Is water wet? Do ducks swim? (*shakes himself by his hand and capering around room*) Congratulations, old man. Merit will out. (*returning to desk*) Ten thousand dollars a year by staying until noon. It's a cinch. (*sits in chair*) I'll stay. (*has pressed buzzer for* SATIE)

(*Enter* SATIE, *left.*)

FLYNN. Tell Mr. R. Wilkston Pulver that I will be here at noon.

(SATIE, *after finding number in the book, telephones.*)

FLYNN. Here's another circular sent at my request.

SATIE. Mr. Pulver will be here.

FLYNN. (*looking at letter and talking as to himself*) I don't understand.

SATIE. (*misunderstanding the above speech*) That's all he said, sir.

FLYNN. (*remembering what was happening*) Oh, yes! Thank you. Exactly. Satie, please get me a paper. (*gives* SATIE *the money*) I forgot to buy one this morning.

SATIE. (*puts on her hat quickly. She is glad of the opportunity to get away from work*) Yes, sir. (*she exits*)

FLYNN. (*going over letters*) Another circular, sent at my request. And another. And another. Why, there's a dozen of them. (*throws letters and circulars into the waste paper basket*) Pretty good joke by Howard. (*goes to 'phone and telephones*) Beverly 1561 Party W. I'll just fool Howard by not— Yes. Party W, if you please—telling him that I receive— Hello! Is this Dr. Brown's? Oh, good morning, Helen. How nice it is to hear your voice so early. (*smiles as he listens to what* HELEN *is telling him*) Didn't we have a good time last night? And you looked so pretty, too. Honestly you did. (*pause*) Really you did. No. I wasn't blinded by love because everybody said— Why, everbody's everybody, Jimmy Van Buren. He said so and—and—and everybody said so, and, Helen, Helen, (*connection has been broken. Business of bobbing hook up and down to get it restored*) Central, you broke that connection. I was talking with— The number of 1561. Yes. Beverly 1561. Well. Party W, if you want to know. (*laughs*) The central's jealous. She cut you out. I've heard something and I want to talk it over with you. Can't you come down here pretty soon? It's good news—and bad. Well, hurry your shopping, and I (*bus. with telephone hook*) Central, that's the second time——

(*Enter* SATIE, *right. She stands right, chewing gum and reading newspaper.*)

FLYNN. (*does not see* SATIE, *still trying to get telephone connection*) Hello, Helen! (*sees* SATIE) No matter. (*stands up and looks coldly at* SATIE) When you are quite through with the paper, at your leisure, of course——

SATIE. (*comes to herself and starts quickly*) Beg pardon, sir (*gives* FLYNN *paper*) I had to go quite a distance. (*telephone rings.* SATIE *answers it*) Did you want party W?

FLYNN. (*crossly*) No I did not and (*sees* SATIE *chewing her gum*) Will you please stop chewing that gum?

SATIE. (*aside*) I hope I never live to be so old that I can't see persons chew gum.

(SATIE *exits, left.*)

FLYNN. (*who has been reading the paper*) Inspector O'Brien has the fellow who stole Helen's necklace. Well, that's good work. To think of all these robberies taking place right under my very nose and I know nothing at all about it. Strange business, this Aphasia. (*opens letter, out of which drops* ROSEY'S *picture*) Who's this? (*stoops down and picks up picture*) Rather pretty girl. What does she want? Maybe this has been sent at my request. (*reads letter*) Sent at my request. I should say it had been. (*reads letter out loud*) Friend John. I accept your proposal of marriage as you seem soulful, interested and anxious. I enclose my picture. I will call to-morrow. Your own Rosey. (*suddenly*) That's to-day. This joke's being carried too far. (*thoughtfully*) Or is it a joke? Are these circulars jokes? I wonder if I sent for all these things when I was in Aphasia? (*with horrified determination*) I must have. I must have. (*looks wildly over the envelopes that he has thrown into the waste paper basket*) All addressed to Mr. John Flynn, Tower Building. There is no other John Flynn. It must be I. I'm in for a busy day. Uncle, Rosey, Helen, Pulver—all coming to-day. What'll I do? (*suddenly*) I know. I'll get rid of Satie. (*rings buzzer*) What she doesn't learn won't hurt her?

(*Enter* SATIE, *left.*)

FLYNN. Satie, you can have the rest of the day.

SATIE. (*rushing for hat, etc., and joyfully fixing herself up*) The whole day, sir?

(FLYNN *nods absentmindedly.*)

SATIE. Thank you, sir.

FLYNN. I'll look up this Leiter litigation so that I will be familiar with it while I am waiting for Uncle, Rosey and the other developments. Before you go out please get me the reports that I bought yesterday.

SATIE. (*half ready to go out, gives a disappointed look that she has been called upon to do some unexpected work*) Yes, sir. (*exits left*)

FLYNN. (*thoughtfully*) I wonder when the rains will begin to ascend and the floods come—or something to that effect.

(*Enter* SATIE, *left. She gives him the book.*)

SATIE. (*at looking glass*) The book, sir.

FLYNN. (*looking at book*) It isn't the book I wanted. This year's, I told you. Why don't you get things right and stop chewing that gum. (*exits, left*)

SATIE. Ain't it a sin for a man to be so peevish. (SATIE *uses powder puff, etc. Knocking is heard at right door.* SATIE *goes on with her toilet arrangements. Knocking continues all the while, becoming more and more insistent.* SATIE *looks at door in disgust, then in her purse and finds that she has some spare change*) Why don't he keep quiet? He'll disturb somebody if he keeps on that way! (*she is now just about ready to go out*) I suppose I got to let him in. (*she rushes to door, pulls it open.* UNCLE JOSIAH *who has been leaning against door, falls in.* SATIE *scornfully sweeps by him*) Come in. (*exits without waiting for an answer through the right door*)

JOSIAH. (*looking in admiration after* SATIE) I hev. (*gets up*) Durned good-lookin' gal. Wonder if

she's the one John's goin' ter marry. (FLYNN *has just returned with a big pile of books in his arms*) Mr. Flynn?

FLYNN. (*going to desk*) My name.

JOSIAH. I'm your uncle.

FLYNN. (*almost falls over with surprise, dropping books*) Uncle.

JOSIAH. Josiah Drew.

FLYNN. (*picking up books*) Glad to see you.

JOSIAH. You don't act like you wuz.

FLYNN. (*rushing* JOSIAH *almost off his feet with his noisy cordiality in shaking his hand*) Pardon my reserved disposition. (*picking up* JOSIAH'S *hat that has fallen off in the excitement*) Here's your hat. Sorry you must be going.

JOSIAH. (*taking hat and putting it back on his head*) I ain't goin'.

FLYNN. So sorry—I mean glad. Charmed. Delighted. (FLYNN *subsides and looks desperate*)

JOSIAH. I've got some 'portant business 'bout your Aunty Mirandy's will.

FLYNN. I'm very busy. Couldn't you come around this afternoon?

JOSIAH. I ain't got nothin' much ter do. I'll wait. (*sits*)

FLYNN. He's a waiter.

JOSIAH. I'm agoin' ter keep my eyes on you. I don't want you ter git away from me.

FLYNN. Oh! (*suddenly struck with a new idea*) Won't you have lunch with me?

JOSIAH. (*looking very much pleased*) Don't care if I do.

FLYNN. Neither do I.

JOSIAH. Whot say?

FLYNN. Yes. That was it. (*pushing him towards right door*) Here's the morning paper. You just step across the hall into that office there. You'll be more comfortable. (JOSIAH *has just exited*) And so will I.

(*Enter* ROSEY, *right. She and* FLYNN *almost collide.*)

FLYNN. Your pardon, Madame.
ROSEY. Mr. Flynn.
FLYNN. (*going back to desk*) My name.
ROSEY. Mr. John Flynn, Tower Building?
FLYNN. Exactly. But you—who are you?
ROSEY. (*stagey posture*) I'm Rosey.
FLYNN. The devil.
ROSEY. Your Rosey.
FLYNN. Another trouble.
ROSEY. I'm waiting.
FLYNN. Don't.
ROSEY. Let's hurry.
FLYNN. Oh, yes. Yes. Let's.
ROSEY. You don't seem anxious.
FLYNN. Appearances are deceitful. I am anxious. Very anxious. (*telephone rings*) Excuse me. (*answers 'phone*) Hello. Yes, dearest. (*desperately*) You're coming right up now? Good-night. I mean good-bye. (*hangs up receiver*)
ROSEY. When are we going to be married?
FLYNN. In a moment. Business before pleasure. (*ushering her into room, left*) Wealthy client telephoned.
ROSEY. (*at door, affectionately waves*) John, darling, I'll never leave you. (*exit*)
FLYNN. She'll never leave me. Uncle's in no hurry and Helen's coming right up. I can't leave for fear I'll not get Leiter's business. And——

(*Enter* HELEN, *right.*)

HELEN. (*going affectionately towards* FLYNN) Good morning, dearest.

(FLYNN *locks door.*)

FLYNN. (*completely unnerved and confused*)

You are—are you—yes, you are well. (FLYNN *turns to look at door of room in which* ROSEY *is hiding*)

HELEN. He has had another attack of aphasia.

FLYNN. (*desperately grabs* HELEN *by the hand*) We must go, Helen, at once.

HELEN. (*going towards chair*) I'm in no hurry.

FLYNN. But lunch. Lunch. It will not wait. It must not wait.

HELEN. I've just had breakfast.

FLYNN. But this is lunch, lunch.

HELEN. Father is very anxious to meet me here. I'll wait.

FLYNN. Another waiter.

HELEN. The police think they have the necklace and Father wants me to identify it.

FLYNN. I'm sorry. (HELEN'S *face registers surprise*) I mean glad, great, so happy.

HELEN. (*suddenly recalling something*) I've left my shopping bag—(*she rises and goes towards left door*)

FLYNN. (*pushes her back*) No. Not there.

HELEN. I'm sure I left it—(*noticing* FLYNN'S *nervous condition*) Is there something you don't want me to see in that room?

FLYNN. Yes. I mean no. (*knocking heard at door*) Damn.

HELEN. Somebody is knocking at that door.

FLYNN. (*nervously smiling*) So there is. Hear it.

HELEN. Hadn't you better see who it is?

FLYNN. (*laughs very stagey and nervously*) That's a good joke on you.

HELEN. (*surprised*) On me?

FLYNN. It's a patent knocker. (*knocking begins again*) Hear it work.

(*Enter* JOSIAH, *right.*)

JOSIAH. Nephew, I——

HELEN. Your uncle, John?

JOSIAH. Nope. His uncle Josiah.

FLYNN. (*introducing* JOSIAH *to* HELEN) Miss Brown.

HELEN. I'm glad to meet my future husband's relatives.

JOSIAH. Ain't you goin' ter marry th' other one, th' pretty one?

HELEN. (*suddenly and suspiciously*) What other one?

FLYNN. I don't—(*scream is heard coming from* ROSEY)

HELEN. (*crossing to room and opening door*) Your patent knocker seems to have a scream attached to it.

(*Enter* ROSEY. *She is very indignant. She goes to* JOHN.)

ROSEY. (*to* JOHN) I'll have you 'rested.

FLYNN. Yes. Exactly. (*tries to silence* ROSEY)

HELEN. What does this mean?

ROSEY. He lured me here on a promise to marry me and locked me in that room.

(*Enter* DR. BROWN, *right.*)

FLYNN. I can explain, Helen.

DR. BROWN. What's the matter?

HELEN. (*goes to* DR. BROWN) Take me home, Father. (*they exit*)

FLYNN. (*to* ROSEY) And now, young lady——

ROSEY. (*pushing him aside*) Out of my way. (*she exits, right*)

JOSIAH. I don't understand.

FLYNN. What you don't understand, don't understand and go.

JOSIAH. But this will of Aunty Mirandy's?

FLYNN. I'll give you just two minutes to leave.

JOSIAH. But I don't see——
FLYNN. You have a minute left.
JOSIAH. Guess I'll be goin' then. S'long. (*exits*)

(*Telephone rings.*)

FLYNN. (*answering 'phone in a tired, discouraged voice*) Yes. This is Mr. Flynn. How do you do, Mr. Pulver. All right. We'll postpone it, then, until to-morrow. Thank you. Good-bye.

(*Enter Detective* MCKENNA, *right.*)

MCKENNA. Good mornin', Mr. Flynn. Inspector O'Brien would like to see you down to the station house.

FLYNN. He's got the watch, I suppose.

MCKENNA. But that ain't what you're wanted there for.

FLYNN. What I'm wanted there for?

MCKENNA. He wants you for stealin' that necklace of the Brown's.

FLYNN. S-stealing the Brown necklace. (*he says this to himself*)

MCKENNA. That's the way the warrant runs. May I use your 'phone?

FLYNN. (*waves permission and in a dazed way goes to hat tree and puts on hat and coat*)

MCKENNA. (*at 'phone*) Give me Police headquarters, Central.

FLYNN. (*coming centre*) For stealing the Brown necklace.

MCKENNA. (*at 'phone*) I got him, Inspector.

FLYNN. I wonder if I did.

(*As* MCKENNA *takes* FLYNN *off stage, the curtain descends.*)

ACT III.

SCENE:—*This act is laid in the parlor of* DR. BROWN'S *residence the evening after Act Two. There is but one entrance, that in the centre.* L. C. *is a large parlor table with a chair on each side.* R. *is a desk in front of which is a chair. A telephone table is* L. *of the door. On this telephone stand is, of course, a telephone. The room should be handsomely furnished. When the curtain is raised* JOSEPHINE *is discovered sitting at table reading a newspaper and* WILLIAM, *the Butler, is standing beside of her chair.*

JOSEPHINE. (*reading newspaper*) Curiously enough Flynn was implicated through his own watch. This watch had been stolen from Flynn the same night that the neeklace had been stolen from him by a sneak thief who goes under the name of Bill, The Bull. Flynn reported the theft of his watch to the police, and when Bill, the Bull, attempted to dispose of the time piece at a well known pawn broker's shop on Fourth Street, he was arrested. The neeklace was found on Bill's person. Bill thereupon made a complete confession, implicating not only Flynn but others who will shortly be arrested.

WILLIAM. (*starts*) Hey? Whot?

JOSEPHINE. They're agoin' to 'rest some others th' papers say.

WILLIAM. Who?

JOSEPHINE. They wouldn't put th' name in th' paper until they wuz 'rested. That ain't a bit good lookin' pieture of Mr. Flynn, is it?

WILLIAM. (*absentmindedly*) Yes. (JOSEPHINE *looks at him in surprise.* WILLIAM *recovers himself*) I mean No.

JOSEPHINE. What's the matter with you, William? You look scared. They're not goin' t' 'rest you, I should hope.

WILLIAM. I should hope.

JOSEPHINE. (*looking at desk*) There. I knew I'd do it. I've forgotten that lamp. (*exits*)

WILLIAM. (*nervously reading paper*) Bill must a' squealed on me. Why couldn't 'e 'ave been perlite enuff to have blamed Mr. Flynn for th' whole thing 'ithout implicatin' me an' th' other gents whot did nothink but hinform 'im 'bout th' stealin' 'of other' gents. I guess I'd better skip.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE. *She carries lamp. Places it on the desk and business of lighting it.*)

JOSEPHINE. Miss Helen's carried on awful. When she come home, she rushed up to her room an' locked th' door an' wouldn't leave me in t' hook her up for dinner.

WILLIAM. She didn't 'ave no dinner.

JOSEPHINE. She had ought t' be glad t' have th' necklace back anyway.

WILLIAM. She's lost her man, that's what she's grieving 'bout. Whot's a necklace to a man, anyhow?

JOSEPHINE. What's a man to a necklace?

WILLIAM. You can purchase a necklace any day.

JOSEPHINE. Men's cheaper an' less showy.

(HELEN *is heard approaching.*)

WILLIAM. (*calling* JOSEPHINE's *attention to that fact*) Hush.

(*Servants busy themselves.* JOSEPHINE *at desk with lamp and* WILLIAM *at table with paper. Enter* HELEN.)

HELEN: I'll see no one this evening, William.

(WILLIAM *bows and exits*) Josephine, put my dress away and pick up my room. (JOSEPHINE *bows and exits.* HELEN *goes to table and picks up newspaper. Sees* FLYNN'S *story*) And to think that it's all ended, and yet not all ended for the whole disgusting business must be gone through with again. This theft was bad enough, but I could have forgiven that, but this—this alliance with that—that creature. (*sighs and rises and crosses to desk. On cross over she says*) And to think I ever loved that man. (*she wipes her eyes. Unlocks desk drawer and takes out a packet of letters, which she opens and looks at*) His first love letter. (*smiles wistfully as she reads through it. Then she starts to tear it up*) No. I couldn't destroy that. He was different then. (*has replaced it in the envelope*) I can't destroy any of them. (*cries. The telephone rings.* HELEN *wipes the tears away, rises and goes to 'phone, which she answers. Business here of having telephone ring a second time. At 'phone*) Hello.—This is Dr. Brown's residence.—Good evening, Mrs. Newjoy—Father will be in at any time. The baby's sick. I'm so sorry. Father'll call in a few moments. Good-bye. (*hangs up receiver, crosses to desk, picks up letters, then suddenly puts them down*) I can't destroy them. I can't do it. (*weeps*)

(*Enter* DR. BROWN.)

DR. BROWN. (*going to* HELEN) What's this, child? Crying? Don't.

HELEN. (*teary voice*) I can't help it. (*matter-of-fact voice*) Mrs. Newjoy wanted you to call up. Her baby's sick.

DR. BROWN. A doctor's life is hard. Here I've done a big day's work already and I must go out again unless I can prescribe over the telephone. (*at 'phone*) Please give me Bleecker 3315. Mrs. Newjoy, please. Ah, Mrs. Newjoy, this is Dr.

Brown. He is crying and seems very sick? Has he fever? Hot? Is he hot? Umph. That's bad. Have you taken his temperature? No. You take it with a thermometer, a clinical thermometer. (*louder*) Clinical. (*louder yet*) Clinical. Oh, never mind. A thermometer. When you take it call me up. (*hangs up receiver*) The child probably wants a bottle. (*to* HELEN *as he crosses*) These new mothers and their babies. Cheer up, little girl. No man's worth all these tears. Besides I've good news for you.

HELEN. For me?

DR. BROWN. John cannot be convicted.

HELEN. What do you mean?

DR. BROWN. No man can be convicted of a crime which he did not commit consciously. When John stole that necklace, he did not know what he was doing, he was in Aphasia. The District Attorney agrees with me. The incident is a closed one.

HELEN. The theft of the necklace, that was forgiven when I heard about it, but that disgusting letter, written after he was supposed to be cured of his Aphasia, his locking that girl in the room, and his tale about that—that patent knocker. (*cries again*)

DR. BROWN. There's some mistake.

HELEN. Mistake. There's no mistake. You heard that Rosey woman talk as we went down in the elevator.

DR. BROWN. Listen, dear. (*telephone rings*) Sometimes I'm tempted to take that 'phone out. (*at 'phone*) Yes, Mrs. Newjoy. What did you find the temperature to be. Seventy-two? (*horrified*) Seventy-two? Why, the child's dead. (*suddenly as if taken with a new idea*) What kind of a thermometer did you use to take that temperature? The nursery thermometer? (*laughs*) I'll be right over if the baby continues crying. Give the baby a bottle and then telephone me. (*enter* WILLIAM. DR. BROWN *goes to table and sits down*) They took the baby's temperature on the nursery thermometer.

WILLIAM. Mr. McKenna.

HELEN. I'll leave you. (*exits*)

DR. BROWN. Tell Mr. McKenna to step right up.

(WILLIAM *bows and exits.*)

DR. BROWN. (*picking up paper*) On a nursery thermometer. (*enter* WILLIAM *who shows in* McKENNA) Ah, good evening detective McKenna.

WILLIAM. Detective? (*the men shake hands and* WILLIAM *trembling with fear makes a sneak out*)

McKENNA. We've got th' jewels. (*hands case over to* DR. BROWN) Kindly see if everything's all right.

DR. BROWN. They're all right. Many thanks for your good work. (*crosses to desk*) To whom shall I make out the check for the reward. (*business of making out check*)

McKENNA. I don't like to blow my own horn or anything like that, but——

DR. BROWN. (*who has been writing*) Oh. That's all right. Your initials, Mr.——

McKENNA. D. J. Dennis J. (DR. BROWN *has just finished check, crosses and hands it to* McKENNA) Thank you, sir. (*puts check in pocket*) Had the stuff hid right in the parlor. It was easy goin' after we got Bill, the Bull, to confess. We got a clear case against Flynn.

DR. BROWN. (*who has sat down at table*) Have you? (DR. BROWN *smiles*)

McKENNA. (*sitting down at desk*) Nothin' to it.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE.)

JOSEPHINE. Mr. Lewis.

DR. BROWN. Isn't William on duty?

JOSEPHINE. Pardon me, sir, but William don't seem to be nowhere an' th' bell was ringin' so hard, I answered the bell.

DR. BROWN. Ask Mr. Lewis to wait a moment. (JOSEPHINE *exits*) I wonder where that butler of mine is.

MCKENNA. Guess he's skipped.

DR. BROWN. What do you mean?

MCKENNA. We want him. (DR. BROWN *looks very much mystified*) He's been tippin' off th' gang, so Bill the Bull, confessed.

DR. BROWN. William, my butler?

MCKENNA. He's a shrewd one. We're lookin' up his record.

DR. BROWN. But he's gone.

MCKENNA. Not very far, I guess.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE, *in great excitement.*)

JOSEPHINE. Dr. Brown, sir, they've 'rested William. He wants you t' get him off.

MCKENNA. That was easy.

DR. BROWN. I'll see William later. Show Mr. Lewis up. (JOSEPHINE *exits*)

MCKENNA. We surrounded th' house.

DR. BROWN. Oh.

MCKENNA. He stepped right into the net.

DR. BROWN. Mr. Lewis is Mr. Flynn's attorney.

MCKENNA. (*sitting down at desk again*) Flynn's some arrest, he is. We don't often catch a big bug like him.

DR. BROWN. You've no case against him.

MCKENNA. (*as he rises in surprise from his chair*) What? With the goods right on him, too.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE *followed by* LEWIS.)

JOSEPHINE. Mr. Lewis.

DR. BROWN. Mr. Lewis, Mr. McKenna. (MCKENNA *and* LEWIS *bow*) I was telling Mr. McKenna that the police have no case against Mr. Flynn.

LEWIS. There can be no conviction when loss of memory can be proven.

MCKENNA. You got to prove the loss of memory, though.

DR. BROWN. That will be easy for I will testify for Mr. Flynn.

MCKENNA. You, the complainin' witness.

LEWIS. Dr. Brown. (*shakes* DR. BROWN *by the hand*)

DR. BROWN. I might tell you, Mr. McKenna, that the District Attorney told me but an hour ago that he would move to dismiss the case when it was called in police court for lack of evidence.

MCKENNA. Humph. Well. I got the reward, an' that'll help some. (*exits*)

LEWIS. I cannot thank you enough for your generous offer, Dr. Brown.

DR. BROWN. I don't intend to have innocent men sent to prison on my account, Howard. Did you ever hear (*telephone rings*) I never start to tell anything to anybody without being interrupted by that 'phone. (*at 'phone*) Well. This is Dr. Brown speaking. Yes, Mrs. Newjoy. The baby's crying again? Well, Madam, give it another bottle. (*hangs up receiver*) She ought to hang that baby. That would stop its crying.

LEWIS. It isn't the police court feature of John Flynn's case that I came to see you about this evening. It's about Helen.

DR. BROWN. (*has gone to the table and is sitting down*) It' won't do any good.

LEWIS. (*sits in chair*) John just wants to speak to her.

DR. BROWN. She won't see him.

LEWIS. But she'll see me.

DR. BROWN. Perhaps. (*crosses to desk and touches bell*) At any rate you can ask her.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE.)

DR. BROWN. Ask Miss Helen if she won't come here just a moment.

(JOSEPHINE *exits.*)

DR. BROWN. William, my butler, has just been arrested. He was a member of the same gang that this Bill, the Bull, belonged to.

LEWIS. Another phase of the present day servant problem.

(*Enter* HELEN.)

HELEN. Good evening, Howard. (*to* DR. BROWN) You wanted me, Father?

DR. BROWN. I'll leave you with Howard. Oh. If Mrs. Newjoy calls up about her new baby tell her I'm out—decidedly out. (*exits*)

HELEN. (*sitting at table*) Won't you sit down, Howard?

LEWIS. Won't you see John Flynn, Helen.

HELEN. How often must I go through this—this torture?

LEWIS. He's innocent, really, Helen.

HELEN. Of the necklace theft, yes; but of that Rosey affair,—I can't do it.

LEWIS. Please. For old time's sake.

HELEN. To what end?

LEWIS. For the sake of justice.

HELEN. Justice? Do you call it justice when I—(*suddenly and with determination*) He can never accuse me of injustice; I'll see him. (*she turns her face away from* LEWIS)

LEWIS. He never could, because you could not be unjust. (*crosses to her*) You're the right sort. (*goes to door and turns back*) I don't blame John for fighting for a girl like you. You're worth the winning. (*exits*)

HELEN. I couldn't help it. I love John still.

(*enter* FLYNN. HELEN's *face undergoes a change. She coldly says*) Won't you be seated?

FLYNN. I thank you, Helen, for your justice. (HELEN *shrugs her shoulders*) I'll not explain that necklace theft.

HELEN. I understand the necklace incident.

FLYNN. But it's this other matter, this affair of this Rose woman. (HELEN *shows great emotion*) I am accused of conducting a low flirtation with a woman who advertised for a husband.

HELEN. (*impulsively*) How could you, John?

FLYNN. I said I was accused. I deny the accusation.

HELEN. Mere words—no convincing proof. Have you nothing more to say?

FLYNN. Your only evidence against me is the word of Rose, an adventuress.

HELEN. I saw the woman come cut of a room that had been locked by you.

FLYNN. I made a mistake when I locked her in.

HELEN. Why did you do it?

FLYNN. This Rose wrote me a letter. Came to see me. Told me that I had promised to marry her. I considered her letter and herself as a blackmailing scheme. When I heard you come, I locked her in——

HELEN. Why? Why did you do that?

FLYNN. That was a mistake. I'll admit it. I acted foolishly, impulsively, but that's not the point. It's circumstantial evidence.

HELEN. But that letter you wrote her. That's conclusive enough.

FLYNN. That letter she says I wrote her. Have you seen it? Do you know that I wrote it?

HELEN. (*as if struck with the thought that possibly there might be something in what he is saying*) No. (*then with more determination as if she wanted to bolster up her own cause which seems suddenly to have weakened*) But she says——

FLYNN. Then you are satisfied with her word, her

word against mine. She says I wrote her. I say I didn't. You prefer the unproved statement of a woman whom you call a creature to the word of the man whom you promised to marry. Is that fair? Is that just? Is that right?

HELEN. (*her case is losing ground*) But she says——

FLYNN. And I say—Which shall it be? Will you wreck your life and mine, our happiness on the say-so of the first will o' the wisp that bobs up. I come to you, Helen, with nothing but my word to prove my case and I ask you for fair play—Just fair play. Won't you give me that, just that, darling?

(HELEN *turns around and goes to him. They embrace.*)

FLYNN. (*taking her in his arms*) You'll see, darling. It will come out all right.

(*Enter* DR. BROWN *and* LEWIS.)

LEWIS. There, Dr. Brown.

DR. BROWN. (*going to them and holding them by the hands*) I felt it would come out all right.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE.)

JOSEPHINE. Mr. Josiah Drew.

FLYNN. My uncle.

DR. BROWN. (*to* JOSEPHINE) Show him up.

(JOSEPHINE *exits.*)

FLYNN. I'll show him up, if Josephine doesn't, the old grafter.

LEWIS. He's trying to get money out of John on his marriage to you, Helen.

FLYNN. Don't let him talk about Aunt Mirandy's will, and I'll explain.

(*Enter* JOSIAH DREW *and* JOSEPHINE.)

JOSEPHINE. Mr. Drew.

JOSIAH. Howdy, everybody.

(FLYNN, LEWIS, HELEN *and* DR. BROWN, *all bow coldly.*)

JOSIAH. Say, John. I want ter speak ter you 'bout some important business.

FLYNN. Come around later, Uncle.

JOSIAH. I've been comin' 'round later 'till it's mos' too late now, an' I'm agoin' ter be heerd out naow. (*suddenly turns and goes to exit*) Wait a minnit. (*waves arm to somebody in the hall*) Come on in.

(*Enter* ROSEY *and Janitor* FLYNN.)

HELEN. That creature.

JOSIAH. This mornin' you fired me outer your office. I tole you I didn't understan' why my nephew was fool enough ter be playin' with a buster like you. (*chucking* ROSEY *under the chin*) When he had already plucked a rose from the garden of love, sich as you be. (*makes eyes at* HELEN) So I 'vestigated.

FLYNN, THE JANITOR. An' begoora. He foun' out whot 'twas mesilf that wrote Rosey.

FLYNN, HELEN, LEWIS *and* DR. BROWN. What's this?

ROSEY. Th' cutest little letter.

FLYNN. What's your name?

FLYNN, THE JANITOR. Th' same as yours,—John Flynn, an' th' same address, Tower Building.

JOSIAH. I discivered that shortly after they'd got you 'rested an' when I tole——

ROSEY. Me and my John that we had better hurry up an' tell you 'cause we wuz sourin' your peaches and cream, Mr. Flynn.

FLYNN, THE JANITOR. So we jes' stopped in on the way down to th' marriage altar an'——

ROSEY. Come 'long. (*they exit. Their arms around each other's waist, singing wedding march*)

FLYNN. (*shaking* JOSIAH'S *hand*) How can I ever thank you, Uncle.

JOSIAH. Don't mention it. Now I've got some 'portant business——

DR. BROWN. It was very kind of you, Mr. Drew.

JOSIAH. Only justice, Doc. Now, 'bout this will——

LEWIS. You saved the day, Mr. Drew.

JOSIAH. Never mind that. I want to say somethin' 'bout——

HELEN. (*very coyly*) We'll be glad to see you at our new home, won't we, John?

JOSIAH. (*loses his patience*) If you'll all keep still a spell, I'll——

FLYNN. Let him talk.

JOSIAH. Now, Mirandy's will provides that nobody in our family's to get married 'ithout th' wrtten consent of the other members of th' family. You an' me's th' only other members, John, an' we whack up a big bunch of money 'atween us if you an' me can manage to git together.

FLYNN. (*in disgust*) Well, how much will you want to give your consent to our marriage?

JOSIAH. Don't want nothin' at all.

ALL. Don't want anything at all.

JOSIAH. Nope. I'll give my consent all right.

FLYNN. Then, Uncle, what do you want?

JOSIAH. I want your consent, John.

ALL. John's consent.

JOSIAH. (*take some time for laughing*) Yep. I wanter git married myself.

CURTAIN.

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When, however, this oversight is made clear to him by the arrival of the young woman herself a change comes over his life. The critical sanctum grows too narrow for him and his interest in her leads him out into the world. And now the man who has lived in a world of the mind learns that there is a world of the heart, for he comes to regard his charming ward with feelings more tender than those of fatherly interest. But his sense of honor forbids him to disclose these. Nor does he imagine for a moment that she, charming girl, could become interested in him, a crusty old bachelor. At last, however, an attempt on his part to arrange a suitable marriage for her leads to the disclosure that she loves him. Miss Annie Russell played Sylvia in the original New York production. Price, 50 cents.

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The story concerns itself with the revivification of the statue of Niobe, who was turned into stone by Phœbus and Artemis, who wearied of her incessant tears for her lost children. The statue is in the keeping of Peter Amos Dunn, an insurance broker, and comes to life while his family are at the theatre seeing Pygmalion and Galatea.

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